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Story
OF FRA PASQUAL.

FRA Pasqual was formerly a brother of the Capuchin convent near Palermo. After having passed through many singular scenes of life, which it would be too long to recount, his last migration, or, if you will, transmigration, was from one of the banditti of the kingdom, in which captivity he had been enrolled for for some time; but, tired of the danger and fatigue to which he was perpetually exposed, he at last determined to exchange the character of the hero, for that of the saint, and try if it was not both safer and surer, to rely on the weakness of others, than on our own strength.

Fra Pasqual pretended a strong compunction for the transgressions of his past life, and made a promise to the Virgin, that the remainder of it should be spent in mortification and penance, to atone for them. To this end Pasqual took the vows of poverty and of chastity, and entered into all the rigours of the monastic life. For some weeks he behaved in a most exemplary manner; he went barefooted, wore a large rosary, and a thicker cord of discipline than any monk in the convent; and his whole deportment gave testimony of the most unfeigned repentance; however, the devil was still at work in the heart of Pasqual, and all these external mortifications only made him work the harder; in short, he found it impossible to drive him out: Pasqual was senible of this; and afraid lest the enemy should at last get the better of him, he thought it advisable to leave at Palermo the character of sanctity he had acquired, and begin somewhere else upon a new score. He embarked for Naples, where he was soon admitted into a Capuchin convent.

As Pasqual knew from experience that the dull uniformity of the monastic life required some little amusements to render it supportable, the first thing he set about was to find a mistress. He made love to a lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but at the same time informed him, that he had a formidable rival, who was jealous as a tiger, and would not fail to put them both to death, should he discover the intrigue. This was no other than a lifeguard man, a fellow of six feet two inches high, with a vast spada, like that of Goliah, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers, that would have cast a damp on the heart of any man but Fra Pasqual; but the monastic life had not yet enervated him; he was accustomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties: however, as in his present character he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best only to make use of prudence and stratagem to supplant him; these are the eclesiastical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for the military.

The lady promised him an interview as soon as the court should go to Portici, where the lifeguard man's duty obliged him to attend the king. Pasqual waited with impatience for some time; at last the wished-for night arrived; the king set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightening to the arms of his mistress; the preliminaries were soon settled, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed by a rap and a well known voice at the door. The lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone; that this was her lover; and if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury, he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection; the lifeguard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to instant compliance. Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed: at that instant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long; however she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that he might see to undress:—this struck Pasqual to the soul and he gave himself up for lost; however, the lady's address saved him, when he least expected it. In bringing the tinder, she took care to let fall some water into the box; and all the beating she and her lover could beat, they could not produce one spark. Every stroke of the flint sounded in Pasqual's ears like his death knell; but when he heard the lifeguard-man swearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of women.—The lady told him he might easily get a light at the guard, which was at no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped with joy; but when the soldier answered that he was absent without leave, and durst not be seen, it again began to flag; but on his ordering her to go—it died within him, and he now found himself in greater danger than ever. The lady herself was disconcerted; but quickly recovering, she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed; but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it.—Pasqual revived;—but the soldier

declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark; he at the same time began to grope below the bed for a bottle of liquors, which he knew stood there.—Pasqual shook with fear, however, still he escaped. The lady observing what he was about, made a spring, and got him the bottle, at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head—The lady then went to bed, and told her lover, as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping.

His situation was the most irksome in the world; the bed was so low, that he had no room to move; and when the great heavy lifeguard-man entered it, he found himself squeezed down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation till morning; and indeed, if it had, his clothes, which were scattered about, must infallibly discover him: he therefore began to think of making his escape; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street; but this he disdained, and on second thoughts determined to seize the lifeguard-man's sword, and either put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himself and the lady. In the midst of these reflections, his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declares that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a little, and finding that it did not awake the enemy, he by degrees worked himself out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the great spada; —when all his fears forsook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping, and only thought how he could best retaliate on his rival, for all that he had made him suffer.

As Pasqual was stark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldier's clothes than his own; and as both his cloak and his cappouch together were not worth sixpence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself a la militaire, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the soldier. In a short time he was dressed cap-a-pie. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, and his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed on a chair before the bed; and girding himself with a great buff belt, instead of the cordon of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty toledo instead of the crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon; and at first thought of returning in the character of another lifeguard-man, pretending to have been sent by the officer with a guard in quest of his companion, who not being found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted: and thus, after having made him pay heartily for all he had suffered under the bed, to leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid. He went to the guard, and told the officer that he had met a Capuchin friar, with all the ensigns of his sanctity about him, sckulking through the streets, in the dead of night, when they pretend to be employed in praying for the sins of mankind. That prompted by curiosity to follow him, the holy friar as he expected went strait to the house of a celebrated courtezan; that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together: that if he did not find this information to be true, he should resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he should think proper.

The officer and his guard, delighted to have a hold of a Capuchin, (who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile in a particular manner the licentious life of the military) turned out with the utmost alacrity, and, under the conduct of Pasqual, surrounded the lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier waking with the noise, and not doubting that it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the very place that Pasqual had so lately occupied; at the same time laying hold of all the things he found on the chair, never doubting that they were his own clothes. As the lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew, and entering with the officer and his guard demanded the body of a Capuchin friar, who they were informed, lodged with her that night. The lady had heard Pasqual go out, and having no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the saints to witness that she knew no such person: but Pasqual suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak;—"Here (said he to the officer)—here are proofs enough:—I'll answer for it, *Signor Padre* himself is at no great distance.—And putting his nose below the bed;—"Fogh (says he) I smell him"—he stinks like a fox. The surest method of finding a Capuchin, is by the nose; you may wind him a mile off.—Then lowering their lantern, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almost stifled,—"*Ecco lo*, (said Pasqual) here he is, with all the ensigns of his holiness;" and pulling them out one by one, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline.—"You may see (said he) that the reverend father came here to do penance,"—and taking up the cord;—"suppose now we should assist him in this meritorious work *Andiamo*, *Signor Padre*,—*andiamo*—We will save you the trouble of inflicting it yourself: and whether you came here to sin, or to repent, by your own maxims, you know, a little sound discipline is healthful to the soul."—The guard were lying round the bed, in convulsions of laughter; and began breaking the most galling and most insolent jokes upon the supposed Padre. The lifeguard man thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak, and declared they were all in a mistake;—that he was no Capuchin:—upon which the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time with the best dissembled marks of fear and astonishment, ran about the room, exclaiming—"*Oime Siamo Perduti*,—*Siamo inconcti*.—*Siamo insorcilati*."—Pascal delighted to see that his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him; he therefore pretending regimental business, and regretting much that he was obliged to join his corps, took leave of the officer and his guard, at the same time recommending by all means, to treat the holy father with all that reverence and respect that was due to so sacred a person.

The lifeguard man, when got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes; but observing nothing but the greasy weeds of a Capuchin friar, he was now perfectly convinced, that heaven had delivered him over, for his offences, to the power of some dæmon;

(for of all mortals, the Neapolitan soldiers are the most superstitious)—the lady too acted her part so well, that he had no longer any doubt of it.—"Thus it is (said he in a penitential voice) to offend heaven!—I own my sin.—I knew it was Friday, and yet—O, flesh, flesh!—Had it been any other day, I still should have remained what I was.—O, St. Gennaro! I passed thee * too without paying thee due respect:—thy all-seeing eye has found me out. Gentlemen, do with me what you please;—I am not what I seem to be."—"No, no, (said the officer) we are sensible of that.—But, come, Signor Padre, on with your garments, and march; we have no time to trifle.—Here, Corporal—(giving him the cordon) tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis.—The saint owes him that, for having so impudently "denied him for his master."—The poor soldier was perfectly passive;—they arrayed him in the sandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Fra Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made.—The officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself, and asked if he was a Capuchin now or not.—He was shocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and aking him every stroke, if he knew his master now?—

In the mean time, Pasqual was snug in his convent, enjoying the sweets of his adventure. He had a spare cloak and cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the holy fathers; he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of Capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money which he found in the breeches pocket, just to indemnify him for the loss of his cloak and his cowl; and even this, he says, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the clothes, would make lawful prize of it.

The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle of ridicule to all the world; at last his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis, and came in troops to see him: their jokes were perhaps still more galling than those of the guard, but as he thought himself under the finger of God, or at least St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience; at last his clothes were found, and he was set at liberty; but he believed to this day, that the whole was the work of the devil, sent to chastise him for his sins; and has never since seen his mistress on a Friday, nor passed the statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer.

* A celebrated statue of St. Januarius, betwixt Portici and Naples.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO 'AN ADVOCATE FOR MATRIMONY.'

SIR,

I ASSURE you I feel myself highly flattered, by the opinion you have been pleased to express, of the office which I have assumed; and am gratified by the idea, that it has already, by rendering you more careful, had some effect in improving your style. It would be unpardonable in me here to omit, so favourable an opportunity, of expressing my pleasure, at the candid manner in which you have acknowledged *some* of your errors: although, at the same time, I cannot praise you for candour through the *whole* of your production.

You call me a friend of L'Ami. Whether you do me honour, or not by this character, I am not able to judge. Your intention, however may easily be discovered;—it is, evidently, to raise a prejudice against me by calling me a friend of the person that has promulged such detestable doctrines as those which have appeared with his signature.—The insinuation is unfounded, and inconsistent with that candour which you have elsewhere shown yourself possessed of. You well knew I had declared that "I was neither an advocate for celibacy, nor a defender of L'Ami;" and that "the *only* character I would wish to assume, was that of an impartial critic." But it is evident you sat down with a determination, "to gain your end however low the means," and with this view, made use of the *argumentum ab invidia deductum*, as it is termed by logicians; which is too frequently the dernier resort when all other arguments fail.

I still maintain that the construction I gave your first sentence,* was strictly grammatical; and that however clear the *meaning*,—the *expression* was wrong. An adjective must always qualify some substantive: And, as there was no other substantive in the sentence, which the adjective *last* could qualify, the grammatical construction necessarily led me to fix it upon *controversy:* which made nonsense of the whole sentence. It is not enough that we merely convey our meaning to the mind of the reader;—we should study to convey it without the least obscurity.

You defend this mode of expression: "I might have suffered them to have sunk." In reply, I will give you a quotation from *Murray;* whose authority, it is to be presumed, you will not call in question.—"*I intended to have written last week*," says he, "is a very common phrase; the infinitive being in the past time, as well as the verb which it follows. But it is certainly wrong: for how long soever it now is since I thought of writing, 'to write' was then present to me, and must still be considered as present, when I bring back that time and the thoughts of it. It ought therefore, to be 'I intended *to write* last week."

"When I considered that every examination would have a tendency, if not to improve him, to benefit some of your equally young correspondents, I determined to give an answer." Exclusively of any rule, this clause would appear wrong, from the very definition of the pluperfect tense. "It represents a thing," says *Murray*, "not only as past, but also as prior to some other point of time specified in the sentence." In the sentence we are considering, the time specified is that in which you determined to give an answer: Now, if you be a wise man, you certainly considered before you made this determination. I therefore still maintain that *considered* should have been in the pluperfect tense. In the example which you have given to prove the contrary* *yesterday* is the time specified, and you did not write the letter prior to that time: to use the pluperfect tense, would, therefore have been improper. But a person might, in strict conformity to grammar say; "I had written the letter, before I went to the museum."

Reasoning by induction is, when we infer universally concerning any idea, what we have before affirmed or denied separately of all its parts."† Now every one must know that *Euclid* makes use of no such form of reasoning as this.—You say "*Euclid's* elements form one continued chain, every proposition holding its own

Concluded in page 175.

* "*Mr. Scott*, Once more I request you to bear with me in this silly controversy, and I promise you, it shall be the last."

"* I wrote a letter yesterday before I went to the museum."

† See Andrews's Logic, page 113.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. X.

" And genius mark'd him for her darling child."
Linn's Powers of Genius.

A COLLECTION of poems has lately been publishedin this city, written by J. H. L. HUNT between the ages of twelve and sixteen years. No work has, for a great length of time, appeared calculated to excite more surprise, than this. For a person at his early period of life to have written so much and so well, seems almost beyond probability. Many of these poems, so far from seeming to be juvenile productions, would do credit to a person whose abilities were matured, and whose judgment and understanding had arrived at their greatest perfection. The genius of HUNT (if it progresses in the rapid manner, and with the same proportion which it has heretofore) will make him one of the brightest literary ornaments of his country, and rank him with those celebrated poets, whose works have deservedly, confered on them immortality.

It may have been remarked that many of those men eminent for their poetic talents, had in early youth been favourites with the muses: Thus,

The muse of *Milton* in his infant days,
Lisp'd in sweet numbers, pour'd prolific lays;
With dauntless soul his little arms he spread,
To grasp the wreaths which hung from *Homer's* head. *Powers of Genius.*

POPE, at the age of twelve, had began to attract considerable attention. Before that period, he had written his ode on Solitude; at fourteen he wrote his poem on Silence, in imitation of ROCHESTER'S "Nothing;" and from sixteen, says Dr. JOHNSON, his life as an author may properly be computed. It was then he wrote his Pastorals, and I believe in his eighteenth year his celebrated "Essay on Criticism."

COWLEY too was early distinguished for his writings, and as is observed by Dr. JOHNSON, "His works alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain, that his puerile performances received no improvment from his maturer studies."

This remark will hold good with respect to HUNT'S poems should there hereafter arise any doubts as to the truth of their being written at so early an age. Another young author who had excited considerable attention in the literary world, was JAMES HAY BEATTIE. This extraordinary young man, from the versatility of his talents, bid fair to become a character of eminence. He was a poet, a philosopher, and one in whose breast was infused an ardent spirit of devotion and piety. When not yet nineteen, he was appointed a professor of moral philosophy and logic in Mavischal college; in which office he gave universal satisfaction, "and convinced his audience, that though young, he was abundantly qualified to instruct them." All the high expectations which were formed from his early display of talents were blasted by his death, which happened in his twenty second year. HUNT who seems to have been a great admirer of his talents has spoken thus handsomely of him.

" Lost sainted son of virtue and of worth,
And hast thou breath'd thy gentle soul away?
Must heaven so soon demand thee from this earth,
So soon demand thee to eternal day?

" O had it still in pity to us all,
Breath'd lively health into thy placid breast;
Vice had not ever triumph'd in our fall,
Or with her hated scorpions thorn'd our rest.

" But man's low dwelling was unworthy thee;
And heaven perceiv'd, and oped its arms above:
There shall thine eyes their kindred sweetness see,
And there thy breast thy kindred virtues love.

" And though thy feet so ofr, so humbly trod
Along life's noiseless solitary vale;
Thy shade shall walk exalted by its GOD,
Where courts and kings have panted but to kneel.

* * * * * *

" Sad wit forgetful of his wonted smile,
The sigh unusual o'er thy turf shall pour;
Philosophy be taught to weep awhile,
And every muse a seperate loss deplore.

" Farewell meek moralist blest bard adieu!
And life lamented by a widow'd age:
That life soon snatching from our raptured view,
The gentle annals of its spotless page!"

The poems of HUNT, as he observes in his advertisement, are some superior to the others. The four first in the collection of considerable length are "A Morning Walk and View."—"Christ's Hospital,"—"Remembered Friendship,"—and "Retirement; or, the Golden Mean." The three first are written in blank verse; the last however, which in my opinion is the best, is written in an easy harmonious manner. Some passages are extremely happily conceived and expressed. The following passage will enable the reader to judge of its merits.

" How sweet to rise when morn's refulgent hand
Waves o'er the bright'ning sky her magic wand;
How sweet to rise, with manly temp'rance strong
And hear the lark begin his quaver'd song:
And view creation smiling as she glows,
And see fresh nature waken from repose;
Boast ye, ye sons of opulence and power,
Boast ye midst all your treasures such an hour?
Can palid Sloth desert her downy rest,
Or panting Asthma lift the unwieldy breast?
Does nightly Revel spring to hail the sky,
Or Riot wake from Animation's eye?
And ah! when Evening's "gradual dusky veil"
Bouy its dark texture on the soften'd gale,
How lov'd yon arbour where the honied flow'rs
Bloom on the air, and scent the floating hours!
There when bright Titan sinks behind the hill,
And his last colours paint the village rill;
How joys the eye attentive to the skies,
To step down slowly as he slowly dies;
Whilst streams of splendour roll along the west,
And mark the limits of his purple rest,
So sinks the man whose conscience Heaven approves,
Whom angels venerate and virtue loves:
Lamenting honour weeps upon his hearse,
And carves in gold the monumental verse;
While glory beams o'er death's retiring gloom,
And with unfading splendour, crowns his tomb."

After this poem follow two translations from ANACREON, and two of HORACE'S odes, with several sonnets. This last kind of writing has of late years been so much practised, that even those who are particularly fond of poetry seem generally to be completely cloyed with it; I therefore expect that those in this collection will be less admired than any other part of it. Next follow the pastorals written in imitation of VIRGIL and POPE—in this kind of composition nothing new or original can be expected: It is a species of writing admired but by few, and by a great proportion of readers never perused at all. On the merits of these by HUNT I can form no opinion, as I have looked over them hastily.

Among the subsequent poems, the principal ones are "Elegy written in Poet's corner Westminster Abby"—"Valour, an Ode"—"To Honour"—"To Truth"——"To Genius, irregular"—"Friendship"—"Progress of Painting" (which, together with the first mentioned one are perhaps equal to any in the collection) and "Hymn's for the Seasons."

I shall now conclude this number with the following ode "To Truth."

"Truth fairest virgin of the sky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day;
O thou of all the cherub choir,
That boasts to make the sweetest lyre
And chant the softest lay.
By him, who mids't his country's tears
Stood moveless to a thousand fears,
And smiled at racks and death;
By Persia's turban'd heroes bold,
And all the Spartan chiefs of old
That bow'd thy shrine beneath:
By holy virtue's vestal flame,
By laurel'd honour's stately name,
And cheek-bedimpled love;
O lift from thy majestic head
The veil that o'er its tresses spread,
Doubt's fairy fingers wove.
Thee chaste religion's virgin breast,
And hope with fair unruffled vest,
Their lovely sister hail;

Simplicity with lillied crown,
And innocence untaught to frown,
And peace that loves the vale.
The dæmon that usurps thy day
And casts upon its blemish'd ray,
The poison of its tongue;
O bid him, from thy dazzling sight,
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among.
And in the horrors of his train,
Let discord seek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy path serene;
While guilt on every sullen wind
Starts pale and trembling from behind
His wild and wizard mien.
Then o'er thy flower enamell'd way
Shall youth in artless frolic gay,
His rustic hymns increase;
While Britain raptured at the sound,
Shouts to her echoing shores around,
"Truth liberty and peace."

The "Palace of Pleasure," is an allegorical poem of considerable length, being in two cantos, written in imitation of SPENCER; different opinions will no doubt be formed of its merits according to the different tastes of its readers, to whose I leave the decision. P.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. XI.

Reason informs us, man was made for man,
T' assist each other on the troubled sea
Of life, and calm the boist'rous storm,——
Or "smooth the pillow of disease and pain."

THERE is a certain monitor which intuitively acts upon our mental faculties, directing us to seek the enlivening conversation of the social circle: It is this which calls into action those latent virtues which would otherwise lie dormant in the breast of man; it expands the heart in cordial friendship and makes it susceptible of those divine sentiments of benevolence, which the clouds of solitude would ever obscure, or the mists of superstition sodden into sour misanthropy.

In the first ages, even so far back as the creation of the world, history bears evidence favorable to the utility of society, and displays the mind of the omniscient CREATOR relative to the advantages which are to be derived therefrom:—When the prescient GOD by his word of power had called a world into existence—when by the harmonizing voice of incomprehensible wisdom, he marshaled the resplendent orbs in yon glorious field of light, he created man and commissioned him lord of the earth:—That DEITY who created him, saw that it was "not good for man to be alone"—he knew the inconveniences to which a solitary being would be subjected; he made a woman and gave her to the man, to share with him the pains incident to humanity, as also to enlarge the pleasures of life, by their mutual participation of them; and to assist him in tilling the ground and cultivating the fruits in the garden of Eden, thus promoting the happiness of their numerous posterity, by the foundation of an art which is the support of all others—and which furnishes an internal resource of independence to an agricultural people.

It is through the medium of associations that inventive genius obtains the means for executing useful projects, and rational conception is encouraged to make experiments: Through this means it is, that every art beneficial to mankind, has been gradually progressing, and extending its improvements throughout the world.

Natural philosophy, cherished by reason under the auspices of liberal and expansive minds, has dispersed those clouds of superstition which formerly enveloped mankind, and furnishes us with a theme of delightful contemplation, which elevates the soul to Heaven and gives such enrapturing ideas of immortality as beggars the language of united nature to express.

Although strenuously advocating the merit of social institutions, I would not be understood to depreciate the pure enjoyments which the man of sensibility may derive from occasional retirement—when, withdrawing from the busy scenes of life he holds sweet converse with the beauties of creation, stimulated by the idea of contributing to the general stock of useful and elegant knowledge, he has an opportunity of extracting sublime passages from the copious volume of nature, and inhales delicious sweets from Fancy's florid fields;—it is here, from the contemplation of the divine attributes he learns to imitate the benevolence of his CREATOR, in the cultivation of a philanthrophic disposition;—his soul expands with grateful sensations, and in the efervescence of gratitude, the pure incense of unaffected thankfulness rises to heaven from the sacred altar of his heart:—Returning thence into the bosom of domestic joy, how pleasing must be his employment in reciprocating with a beloved companion, the reflections of their enlightened understandings, whilst their tender offspring drink with delight the pleasant draught of parental instruction, and in their infancy imbibe a love of virtue and a detestation of vice.

But in the first ages of the world, and even at the present day, we hear of those whose abilities and wisdom might (if directed to those objects for which it seems rational to believe they were endowed with them) contribute much to the good of mankind, withdrawing from the world of sociality, and immuring themselves in caves and solitary places under the pretence of pleasing their Maker:—How absurd! to suppose infinite Wisdom would create any thing in vain; and it does not seem consistent with a contrary supposition, that he who delights in the happiness of those who are the workmanship of his own hands, can be pleased with their voluntary seclusion from the pleasures of being reciprocally useful in the exchange of sentiments; it is certainly contrary to the divine precept of letting "our light shine before men," that they may profit by the gentle emanations of reflective knowledge.

Continual solitude is a selfish situation—the cell of ignorance leads to the labyrinth of mystery, where the benighted mind can find no clue to direct it toward the temple of happiness.—Unknown to the world the solitaire languishes out a life of monotonious gloom, and sinks to the earth, without ever stretching out the hand of experience to lead the wary traveller through the devious path of life; or leaving to his fellow mortals an example of social piety, or shewing with what joy the good man can be divested of the shackles of human life, and soar on the wings hope to the realms of immortal bliss, there to enjoy the society of angels, where harmony is delightful and discord is not known.

It may be said, that solitude subdues the passions; but these innate enemies to the mind's tranquillity, only sink into a state of stupor in proportion as the fire of social virtue languishes from a neglect to supply it with the necessary fuel;—or they are directed into another channel, and like waters turned from their original source, rush with redoubled force against the breast of him who by such futile means strives to hinder their course.

Emerging from the grot of egotic stupidity, let us glance at those who, amidst the throng of rational beings hold no confidential intercourse with each other:—By them the bow of malice is bent and the arrows of calumny are flitted indiscriminately around; but society provides an antidote against the effects of their poisoned shafts; and though they lie in ambush for innocence, and treacherously

attack virtuous merit, yet society raises the strong barrier of mutual confidence, which renders vain all the sallies of detraction. SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE MEDITATOR—No. II.

First Thespis, smeer'd with lies and void of art,
The grateful folly vented from a cart;
And as his tawdry actors drove about,
The sight was new, and charm'd the gaping rout.
Boileau.

AN unremitted application to employments of whatever description, will sooner or later become loathsome and noxious, for the want of a due temperament of recreation, and the mind, labouring then to discharge its putrescent vapours, over steps the calmness of reflection, and slights the precepts that have been culled from experience; hence nothing can be a more cogent palliative for the institution of societies such as we have spoken of, than this thesis; but it is to be wished, that the infatuation will be "nipt in the bud," ere it attains any permanent basis. However specious the principles of the sophist may appear in vindication of the precedent, there remains no substantial ground whereon a superstructure could be raised in its defence, as the value of every occupation must be estimated from the benefits accruing therefrom to community, so that which vitiates the intellect, far from having a claim to our veneration as a source of amusement, demands every exertion to avert its baleful forebodings. Mental speculations when applied to useful objects, are justly entitled to the highest encomiums; but the ingenious extravagances which allure the artizan into an unprofitable search after some fanciful acquisition, can be sanctioned in the language of pedantry only, with the appellation of didactic attainments.

In no part of ancient or modern history, do we find the passion for dramatic amusements so prevalent as amongst the Athenians;—no people have ever manifested so fervent a desire for becoming familiar with the tragic or comic muse, and no people ever felt its impulse more strongly operate upon domestic tranquillity or public administration. Whatever may be advanced to controvert this spirit at that epoch, as a criterion for the adoption of an opinion for the present period, will prove unavailing; as in Athens all theatric excesses were made legal by law, so the same disease in like cases will have similar effects, and, eventually, the very consequences are deduceable from a people retained in thraldom, adding also, that they not unfrequently become instrumental in effectuating the arbitrary conceptions of a despot. We may perceive in every representation the traces of the original drama: nurtured amidst the wild fancies of the early ages, its progress continues to be a reproach to civilization; here may be seen in the actor a weak and debilitated frame, arising from a too arduous labour, and within his precincts, dissipation and inebriety rule triumphant.

"Formless and gross did tragedy arise,
A simple chorus, rather mad than wise;
For fruitful vintages the dancing throng
Roar'd to the god of grapes a drunken song."

Æschylus first fixed the attention of the Greeks to the tragedy: having devoted himself to study the genius of the nation, his productions entirely fascinated the body of the people; who, ever prone to innovation, thought their appetite could never be satiated with his poetic fictions. These pieces were peculiarly adapted to please;—"in the artful working up of the greater passions, especially of terror and pity, that by alternately afflicting and agitating the soul with mournful or terrible objects, produce a grateful pleasure and delight from that same trouble and emotion; holds up the mind of the spectator in suspence, and then restores him his tranquillity." But these advantages are altogether of the negative kind. The impression made upon the spectator is but momentary; he is dismissed with satisfaction; but this very satisfaction ingrafts on the heart an unconquerable desire to be ever present, encountering sensations, so grateful to the feelings: the subsistence of many is thus jeopardised, and the tragic scene not uncommonly reverts to the doors of the indigent intailed by an ill-timed gratification of the passions. The verses of Euripides first gave rise to those profane aphorisms which afterwards trampled upon the rites of hospitality and extinguished all the generous sentiments that conspicuously constituted the Athenian character, and although they expressed the greatest detestation for such as appeared immoral at first, nevertheless, time discovered the deep root they had taken in a too susceptable soil. Several dramatic writers of little reputation appeared after Sophocles and Euripides: the stage was then converted into a vehicle of calumniation; merit became a standard at which the shafts of ridicule were perpetually directed, and he who had best succeeded in sullying the glory of an illustrious action sought a secure asylum in the arms of a suspicious faction. This degeneracy may be alledged as one of the principal causes of the decline of the Athenian commonwealth, there no longer existed that pristine bravery and energetic policy which entitled it to the admiration of all succeeding generations; "sunk" says Justin, "into a lethargic sloth and effeminacy, the seamen's pay was distributed to the idle citizens, enervated in soft luxurious habits of life, the representations of the theatre were prefered to the exercises of the camp, great captains were in no estimation; whilst good poets and excellent comedians engrossed universal applause."

Aristophanes surpassed all who preceded him in the poignancy of his satires, embittering the poison with malevolent aspersions, the innocent were involved with the guilty; but the irony accompanying his numbers had no other effect than, as it generally happens, to impel the wretch to conceal his vileness with the mask of hypocrisy. Such indeed was the propensity of the people, that a decree was enacted, creating a fund for maintaining public shews and exhibitions, and the person who dared to advise appropriating the sum to other purposes was doomed to meet ignominious death.

To enter into a particular detail of the calamities of that æra does not enter the present design, it however may be observed, that few circumstances can have so serious an injury to social intercourse as the pravalence of a dramatic spirit. Though the above observations are not entirely applicable to the modern stage, yet the event is equally to be deplored; the actors are lost to the country in which they reside; from their situation they become incapable of a reciprocal interchange of benefits with their fellow men, and, in the end, they depart, without the consolation of having fulfiled that duty which a beneficent Providence consigned to the wordly inhabitant. Many, through inadvertency, whose livelihood is at best precarious, are attracted to the theatre with the vain hope of sharing a beam of comfort; while those whose opulence enables them to follow the bent of their inclinations, produce a dangerous competition in others to participate in the same enjoyments. An objection imper-

vious in itself remains to be related; the language of a nation can never be preserved in its purity, while the predominating ascendency of the stage is held inviolate. From this current issues a perennial stream of mangled idioms, which, gathering strength by cohesion, expels a perverted dross to the remotest extremes of the adjacent neighbourhood.

Perhaps this short digression may impart a ray to shew the disinterested reader the inefficiency of dramatic amusements to excite in the breast of the auditor any other sensation than that of a shortlived pleasure. Several adverse conclusions might still be drawn; but it would be superfluous, as the subject appears to be already surcharged, for if what has been here premised is incompetent to decide the matter in question, a recurrence to historical facts will obviate every doubt, and the intelligent observer will not fail to discriminate that the *ignus fatuus* which has so long influenced the understanding of mankind, cannot without a violent struggle be precipitated from a sovereignty that is buoyed up by a tolerated prejudice, and supported with the ruthless gratification of an immoderate appetite. M. C.

Concluded from page 171.

rank, and necessary for the demonstration of some following one;" and hence infer, "that in this point of view he exhibits a very striking species of induction, as from a number of general (particular I presume you mean) propositions, he constantly draws a general conclusion." But, learned sir, you ought to remember, that this is the manner in which we proceed in *every* act of reasoning;—continually deducing some proposition, the truth of which was before unknown, from other previous ones that are either self-evident or such as have been fully proved and established.*

"I thought a pity." You ask how this is contrary to grammar rules; I answer, *thought*, is an intransitive verb, and, therefore, cannot govern the objective case. You quibble a good deal, on my calling it *low*, and give us as your definition of a low expression, that "it is one which may have a tendency to vitiate our morals or in the smallest manner hurt our delicacy." But remember, sir, that our great master—*Murray*, has called "topsy turvy, hurly burly, pellmell; currying favour, and dancing attendance," all *low expressions*, altho' they have no greater tendency to vitiate our morals, or hurt our delicacy, than "I thought a pity."

Your observation on the use of *shall* and *will*, is certainly incorrect. *Murray* says that "*will* in the third person, simply foretells, and that *shall* promises;" without making it a matter of distinction in whose name this promise is made.—— We can never end our dispute, unless we have some common tribunal to which we may appeal: and in the present instance, I know none more proper, than MURRAY'S GRAMMAR. CENSOR.

* Andrews's Logic p. 85.

ANECDOTE OF SANTEUIL,

A celebrated Poet of the last century.

RETURNING one night to the Abbey of St. Victor, at eleven o'clock, the porter refused to open the door, saying, he had positive orders to admit no one at that hour. After much altercation, Santeuil slipt a louis d'or under the door, and he obtained immediate admittance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended he had left a book upon a stone, upon which he had been sitting while he waited for the door opening. The porter, animated with the poet's generosity, ran to get the book, and Santeuil shut the door upon him. Master Peter, who was half naked, knocked in his turn, when Santeuil started the same difficulties as he had done, against admitting any one at that time of night, and that he would not disobey the prior. Aye, but master, said the porter, you know I let you in very civilly. And so I will you as civilly, said Santeuil, if you please—you know the price——*in* or *out* is the word and I will dally no longer. The porter finding he was like to sleep in the street, half naked, and also run the the risk of losing his place, slipt the piece of gold under the door again, saying "I thought a poet's money would not stay long with me," and purchased his admittance.

TRIFLES.

A MEDICAL imposter meeting with a clergyman, who is celebrated for his good sense and literary abilities, declared he could discover any disease, and all the symptoms attending it, by the pulse, without any information from the patient respecting his particular feelings. The Rev. gentleman, being himself an invalid, requested the Doctor to feel his pulse, and give him a specimen of his skill. Upon which the Doctor methodically touched his pulse, with necromatic phiz, pretended to describe the disease, and all the feelings which his patient experienced: but not being right in his conjectures, he was permitted to repeat his trial several times; till, observing on the countenance of his patient a contemptuous smile, the Doctor passionately exclaimed, "*I suppose, Sir, you think I am a fool!*" "*Upon my word, Doctor,*" replied the clergyman, "*you have more sense than I expected, for you can discover a man's* thoughts *by his pulse.*"

A physician gave a Nobleman the lye—with great mildness the Nobleman said, *I'll take the lye from him; but I will never take physic of him: He may speak what doth not become him; I'll not be what is unworthy of me.*"

The late Lord Orford used to relate, that a dispute once arose in his presence in the way of raillery, between the late Earl Temple and the first Lord Lyttleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Lyttleton contended that the name *Grenville* was originally *Greenfield:* Lord Temple insisted that it was derived from *Grande Ville.* Well then, said Lord Lyttleton, if you will have it so, my family may boast of the higher antiquity, for *little towns* were certainly antecedent to *great cities;* but if you will be content with the more humble derivation I will give up the point, for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either.

Philadelª, *June* 2, 1804.

SLAVERY!

Nathaniel Willey has just published, at his bookstore (S. W. corner of Market and Third streets) "An Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species, by the *Rev. Thomas Clarkson:*"—This work, for elegance of diction and perspicuity of argument, claims a distinguished place in the library of the man of taste and the friend of humanity.

MARRIED—On Monday evening last by the Rt. rev. William White, Mr. *James H. Cole* to Miss *Mary Smith*, both of this city.

——On Tuesday last, at Friends North Meeting *Joseph Perry*, to *Ann Shoemaker*, both of this city.

DIED—On Friday evening 25th ult. Mrs. *Mary Ross*, consort of Mr. Wm. Ross, merchant of this city.

To Correspondents.

'*Adelio's Extempore Lines*' shall enrich the poetic page of next Saturday.

The editor would suggest to parties in *controversies* and *criticisms* the propriety of being brief; however pleasing their subjects may be to themselves, they should consider that they may not always be interesting to a majority of readers.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THOUGHTS,

ON THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

HERE, here she lies, O could I once more view
Those dear remains, take one more fond adieu!
Weep o'er that face of innocence, or save
One darling feature from the "noisome grave"
Vain wish,—now low in earth that form of love
Decays unseen, yet not forgot above;
In angel light array'd, beyond the stars,
Some more exalted form her spirit wears;
The work of GOD, that beauteous clay which here
In infant charms so lovely could appear,
As "tho' in Nature's nicest model cast
Exactly polish'd, wrought too fine to last."
By the same powerful hand again shall rise
To bloom more gay, more lovely in the skies;
No sickness there can the pure frame annoy
Nor Death presume GOD'*s image to destroy:*
Those seats of pleasure not a tear shall stain,
In them not e'en a wish shall "glow in vain;"
That active mind intent on trifles here,
Enlarges then to objects *worth its care,*
Looks down with scorn upon the toys below,
And burns with transport *better* worlds to know;
Where scenes of transport open to her sight,
And new improvements furnish new delight;
Where friendly angels for her *guidance given,*
Lead her *admiring thro' the courts of heaven:*
No wonder then her course so swiftly run,
Like the young eagle "tow'ring to the sun;"
Wing'd for eternal bliss and plumed for day,
Her soul enraptured made such haste away;
Impatient to regain its native shore,
Just smiled at folly and look'd back no more:
That winning nature and obliging mien,
Pleased to see all, by all with pleasure seen,
Smiling and sweet as vernal flow'rs new blown,
Associates now with tempers like her own:
Her love to me how artless and sincere,
Rises from Earth to Heaven and centers there:
So pure a flame Heaven's gracious Sire will own,
And with paternal love "indulgent crown."
Cease then frail nature to lament in vain,
Reason forbids to "wish her back again;"
Rather congratulate her happier fate,
And new advancement to a *better* state
This blessing quick recall'd can there bestow
No more in pity to a parents' woe;
Know, the same GOD who gave hath ta'en away,
He orders her to go and thee to stay;
Tho' in this vale of misery alone,
Deserted weary thou should'st "travel on,"
Escaped from life, and all its train of ills,
Which ah! too sure the hoary pilgrim feels,
To shorter trials doom'd and brighter toil,
Ere sin could tempt her, or the world defile,
She, favour'd innocent, retires to rest,
Tastes but the cup of sorrow and is blest:
She, the mild SAVIOUR to his arms receives,
And the full blessings of his kingdom gives;
There angels wait promiscuous round the throne,
To praise his goodness in this infant shewn;
Amid this gentle throng how heavenly bright,
Distinguish'd *A. I.* shines fair star of light;
Short, yet how pleasing was her visit here,
She's now removed to grace a nobler sphere;
There, while thy much loved parents mourn below,
Thou *happy* child shalt not their sorrows know.

PHILANTHROPHIST.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Jovis omnia plena.——VIRGIL.

BRIGHT in verdure, gaily smiling,
MAY trips lightly o'er the plain,
Thousand beauties, time beguiling,
Wanton in her rosy train.

Nature all her charms discloses,
Fields in lively colors bloom,
Golden cowslips, pale primroses,
Spread around a rich perfume.

From the whiten'd hawthorn bushes,
And on each emblossom'd spray,
Mellow blackbirds, warbling thrushes,
Carol forth the tuneful lay.

Milky lambkins, harmless sporting,
Frolick o'er the dewy lawn,
Ring doves, in the thicket courting,
Cooing, usher in the dawn.

Musick sweetly round us flowing,
Earth and air in concert move,
Every breast with rapture glowing,
Lost in ecstacy of love.

Thus in Eden's blissful station,
Swell'd the universal theme,
Beauty smil'd—and all Creation
Sung the praise of God supreme.

Scenes of wonder daily rising,
Widely scatter'd o'er this clod;
Say with eloquence surprizing,
Nature's self is full God!

EPIGRAM—*on a Libertine.*

HERE lies the vile dust of the sinfullest wretch,
That ever the devil delayed to fetch:
But the readers will grant, it was needless he should
When he saw him a coming as fast as he could.

HAPPINESS.

O THOU, our first and chiefest care,
The object of each wish and prayer,
The end we all pursue,
How shall I trace thy secret road?
Where find thy ever-blest abode,
Reveal'd, alas! to few?

Can Wealth or Power thy favour claim?
Can Virtue or exalted Fame
Obtain thy smile or love?
Shall I pursue thee to the cell
Where venerable Hermits dwell
In cold sequester'd grove?

Art thou (O tell me) to be found
Amidst gay Pleasure's giddy round,
That Mirth and Joy entwine?
Or dost thou place thy blissful seat
In Solitude's belov'd retreat,
Thou plant of seed divine?

Shall giddy Youth, or silver Age,
Thy envied *Proteus form* engage,
Or subtle Science please?
Or dost thou shun the learned stores
Enraptur'd Knowledge still explores,
For Indolence and Ease?

Or dost thou rather fill thy throne
In the contented mind alone
Which Truth and Honor guide?
I see thee in thy beauties drest,
In Virtue's lovely form confest,
Associate by thy side.

Then let me rest, and here reveal
Th' unerring dictate which I feel,
And each alike may find;
That Happiness to all is known,
Who seek with humble heart the boon,
To no one spot confin'd.

A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A CITY fop, with haughty walk,
Would often o'er the common stalk,
One day, in boots that might surpass
The reflexivity of glass,
When stepping o'er the noisy street,
A pup came barking at his feet;
A stander by observ'd the play,
And wonder'd why the pup should bay,
A boy replied, with wit acute,
"He sees a Puppy in the Boot."

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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